"HOME GUARDS."

Quite a number of very estimable young persons are actively engaging themselves, just now, in the pleasing if not exhilarating occupation of organizing soldier-companies to stay at home during the war.

Really, a very good idea, when you come to look at it.

The old fogy notion . . . that a young, able-bodied man, not hampered by the necessity of getting bread for a family, has no excuse for turning a deaf ear to the call of his country . . . is entirely exploded. We don't exactly know how; but it is exploded.

A military uniform, however, is none the less brilliant and beautiful in the eyes of LAURA MATILDA; nor is the title of Captain, Lieutenant, or Sergeant less grateful to the ears of its owner.

So we *must* wear uniforms and titles, whether we fight or not; don't you see?

Hinc illæ Home Guards!

After all, we have a tolerably efficient home force now; but then, that is nothing. We have an army of stout, good-looking fellows, who stand all day and night about street corners, dressed in blue, with gilt buttons, and shields, and locust maces. They are kept at a pretty heavy expense, solely for the duty of looking after affairs here at home.

Never mind. Go on, boys, organizing your Home Guards. Only, wouldn't it be a good notion to uniform you in blue, with gilt buttons, place civic shields upon your youthful bosoms, arm you with locust clubs, and call you some appropriate name . . . say Reserved Police, for instance.

DIMICK.

Col. DIMICK, according to all accounts, is the first man who has made the Virginia Secessionists back down. Which induces us to exclaim, in the language of the ribald, "Bully for DIMICK!"

The Colonel, who is in command of Fort Monroe, received, it seems, on Monday of last week, a summons from the rebels to deliver up to them the entire possession of an important bridge in the rear of the fort.

DIMICK did'nt see it.

DIMICK furthermore sent two companies of Massachusetts boys with a howitzer to take care of the bridge.

Before the arrival of the Massachusetts boys the rebels were extremely bold; they brandished their weapons and said "Ha! ha!" in the ferocious manner peculiar to Third Villians in our Bowery melodramas.

But when the Massachusetts boys arrived and the howitzer "burst upon their astonished gaze," (that's from SHAKSPEARE) the rebels ceased brandishing their weapons and changed their "Ha ha's!" to "Ho! ho's!"

When now DIMICK took out his watch and gave the rebels ten minutes to clear the bridge, the rebels began to think that it wasn't much of a bridge after all, and to conclude that it wasn't worth having.

A conclusion which grew steadily upon them up to the eighth minute.

And which, at the ninth, induced them to retire in a hasty but dignified manner from the scene, leaving DIMICK undisputed master, not only of the bridge, but of a very fine well at its Secession extremity.

Which moves us to exclaim again, this time in thunder tones, "Bully for DIMICK!"

VENGEANCE DIRE.

A collection of wild and irremediable Secession idiots, known as the "Meagher Guards" of Charleston, S. C., having noticed that THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, the Irish exile, has taken sides with the North, and is now engaged in enrolling a company of Irishmen, lately resolved—says a Southern paper—to change their name. Hereafter they will be known as the Emerald Light Infantry.

If the wild and irremediable idiots in question could only know how bad Mr. MEAGHER feels at the slight they have put upon him they would be grieved indeed. Immediately upon the receipt of the above intelligence, Mr. M., we understand, took to his bed, and for some days his recovery was looked upon as doubtful. At the critical moment, however, he rallied, but continued to be so borne down with sorrow that for a week past he has refused all nourishment. But one consoling thought, we believe, holds Mr. MEAGHER to this life, which is that the W. & I. I.'s of Charleston were unworthy of bearing his name, and that in calling themselves the Emerald Light Infantry, they have only confessed to that greenness which, in common with all other Secessionists, they are known to possess.

WANTED: THE FACTS.

The number of the killed at Fort Moultrie, during the bombardment of Sumter, will, in all probability, remain a mystery to the end of time, whenever that is. As nearly as can be estimated, however, the slaughter must have been terrific. Let us see what the figures say.

According to a private letter from a Charleston lady, never published, the killed were..... 23.
Private letter from "a gentleman," never published.....130.
Bulletin posted at the Charleston *Mercury* office, but immediately pulled down..... 30.
Captain of a schooner lying at Morris Island.....140.
Letter from "a gentleman".....100.
Statement of two German soldiers, say.....300.

Total.....723.

Statement of BEAUREGARD, DAVIS, & Co. . . "Nobody Hurt!"

There seems to be a slight discrepancy here, somehow. The only way whereby we can account for all statements, is on the presumption that Major ANDERSON's shot and shell did such clever execution that those who were killed, were so effectually extinguished that they never knew what was the matter with them!

THE VOLUNTEER'S SOLILOQUY,

OVER HIS RATIONS.

(Respectfully Dedicated to the Commissariat Department.)

I.

"Now what do yer call this 'ere? Is it beef? Or mutton? Or pork?
D'ye s'pose I kin eat sech garbage, an' do half-a-day's work?
I say flesh an' blood can't stan' it, this starvin' a feller because
He's went an' felt patriotic, an' 'listed hisself for the wars!

II.

"When I was up to hum, in the good old Empire State
. . . Herkimer County, I come from . . . the vittles was all fust-rate:
Bes' kind o' beef, cooked rightly, for Ma knows how . . . my eyes!
What *wouldn't* I give, jes' now, for one o' her roasts and pies!

III.

"But this! 'tain't fit for niggers . . . a rusty cracker or two
An' a bit of bacon, all fat, an' tougher'n any old shoe!
I swan, when I fust took hold on't I jes' couldn't swaller a bite,
But I had ter go hungry all day, so I bolted her down, at night.

IV.

"Here, while a feller's at work, with a darned heavy gun on his arm
This sort o' grub, as I s'pose, might do him a heap o' harm:
There's no end o' money subscribed, they tell me, to keep us well
But it 'pears to me them committees is not much short of a sell!

V.

"Jest a reg'lar sell. That's so. An' they've got the money, too,
While we poor soldiers goes empty, with all the fitin' to do;
Now s'pose one o' them fine chaps . . . the ones who've got all the tin
. . . Was kep' on a cracker a day, with spiled bacon as us boys have been!

VI.

"Well, 'taint no use ter complain; complaints don't get very far
While money goes through them fingers, an' them fingers is covered with tar:
Only, I'd jes' like for to feed 'em, and show 'em how long it 'ud be
Afore they got fat an' jolly, on the Red Tape that's starvin' me!'

No Wonder.

The Baltimore correspondent of the *Times* says:

"Gen. BUTLER is roundly hated by the secessionists here."

We are not in the least surprised to hear that these fort-stealing persons hate the worthy General roundly. It is perfectly impossible for them to do any thing at all On the Square.

1. Mr. Banana, finding the streets muddy, and being too economical for a coach, proceeds to his beloved's on stilts.

TWO VERY LARGE MICE.

"Montgomery, May 13.—It is probable that Congress will adjourn within the next ten days, to meet again in July, at such place as circumstances may render necessary."

Mark the delicious uncertainty; "it hath a twofold significance." First, the doubt whether it would be prudent for them to decide upon Montgomery as the place of meeting for fear they may be caught in the trap Gen. Scott is evidently preparing for them. Secondly—but for this hear the fearful prognostication of the Memphis *Avalanche:*

"A Fugitive Congress.—It is generally conceded here that Lincoln's Congress, called to meet on the 4th of July next, will convene in Portland, Maine, or perhaps in Toronto—never in Washington city."

A terrible thing, if true, and one that will go far towards reconciling the Portlanders to their loss of the benefits that were to be reaped from the visit of the Great Eastern on her first trip; it wouldn't be a bad thing either for Toronto, but its good citizens will doubtless bear the disappointment with Christian resignation if the prophecy should fail. An Avalanche is an uncomfortable thing at the best of times, and a small dose of Harney will doubtless aid the law abiding portion of the citizens of Memphis, before long, in removing the one they have there as the first work of the great Lipsius was removed; in the meantime Vanity Fair begs leave to suggest that if there is any serious intention on the part of the Confederacy and the *Avalanche* combined, to make their head quarters at Washington in July, they will find this objection to the summary proceeding, that by that time, Washington will be too hot to hold them.

Just About So.

Before this quarrelsome couple, North and South, can effect a Union, we fear a Long Engagement is necessary!

Not Unlikely.

They do say that Privateering is very Catching.

What the "Chivalry" Want to Meet.

A Foeman Worthy of their Steal!

THE BATTLE OF THE SKIES.

I.

Last night, the rolling thunder
Over the city went,
The gleam-bolts played and quivered
Across the firmament.

II.

I leaned among the watchers,
Under the parapet;
The lightning-blades flashed quicker,
The rain fell faster yet.

III.

Along the shaking windows
There came a voice—"Arise,
The mystic hosts are fighting
The Battle of the Skies!"

IV.

And Southward flashed the lightning,
And Southward went the roar
Of the dreadful mystic chariots,
Over the sea and shore.

V.

And lo! the North clouds opened,
And forth the blue sky came
From out the dark drift floating,
A Star-flecked oriflamme!

VI.

While Southward rolled the chariots,
And Southward flashed the light
Of the awful gleam-bolts glancing
Upon the awful night.

VII.

And lips were sternly silent,
And eyes in silence met,
As I leaned among the watchers
Under the parapet.

A Remarkable Fungus.

Such is the scarcity of food, now, in several parts of the South, that the inhabitants of many districts have been driven to subsist wholly upon Mush.

By-and-by, according to present appearances, the whole of the seceding States will be reduced to rations of the same rather depressing powder; in which case it will be only necessary to wet them in, and roof them over, to produce a Mush-Room that will be handed down by tradition as the greatest on record.

PERSONAL.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Of John Slidell, Wm. L. Yancey, Benjamin Fitzpatrick and another youth named Iverson. If this notice comes to their notice they are implored by their anxious parents to come home, or send information where they may be found. All shall be forgotten. Address "Vanity Fair," 100 Nassau Street, New-York. my 25—1t.

Martial Nomenclature.

Everything is taking name and color from the reigning excitement. We understand that New York Bay is to be re-christened with a warlike title. Owing to the shad-fishery apparatus there prevalent, we would suggest that it be called The Bay-O-Nets.

A "Crooked Stick."

The Baltimore Marshal Kane.

Important to Flying Artillery.

The art of gun-hurry.

2. BRINGING UP AGAINST HER BOUDOIR HE CANNOT HELP SEEING THIS

ARTEMUS WARD
IN THE SOUTH.
HIS TRIALS AND ADVENTURES.

I had a narrer scape from the sonny South. "The swings and arrers of outrajus fortin," alluded to by Hamlick, warn't nothin in comparison to my trubles. I came pesky near swearin sum profane oaths more'n onct, but I hope I didn't do it, for I've promist she whose name shall be nameless (except that her initials is BETSEY J.) that I'll jine the Meetin House at Baldinsville, jest as soon as I can scrape money enuff together so I can 'ford to be piuss in good stile, like my welthy nabers. But if I'm confisticated agin I'm fraid I shall continner on in my present benited state for sum time.

I figgerd conspicyusly in many thrillin scenes in my tower from Montgomry to my humsted, and on sevril occasions I thought "the grate komic paper" wouldn't never be inriched no more with my lubrications. Arter biddin adoo to JEFFERSON D. I started for the depot. I saw a nigger sittin on a fence a-playin on a banjo. "My Afrikin Brother," sed I, cotin from a Track I onct red, "you belong to a very interestin race. Your masters is goin to war excloosivly on your account."

"Yes, boss," he replied, "an' I wish 'em honorable graves!" and he went on playin the banjo, larfin all over and openin his mouth wide enuff to drive in an old-fashined 2 wheeled chaise.

The train of cars in which I was to trust my wallerble life was the scaliest rickytiest lookin lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afore. "What time does this string of second-hand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depot master. He sed direckly, and I went in & sot down. I hadn't more'n fairly squatted afore a dark lookin man with a swinister expression onto his countenance enterd the cars, and lookin very sharp at me, he axed what was my principles?

"Secesh!" I anserd. "I'm a Dissoluter. I'm in favor of JEFF. DAVIS, BOUREGARD, PICKENS, Capt. KIDD, BLOOBEARD, MUNRO EDARDS, the devil, MRS. CUNNINGHAM and all the rest of 'em."

"You're in favor of the war?"

"Certingly. By all means. I'm in favor of this war and also of the next war. I've been in favor of the next war for over sixteen years!"

"War to the knive!" sed the man.

"Blud, Eargo, blud!" sed I, [tho them words isn't oriģernal with me. Them words was rit by SHAKSPEARE, who is ded. His Mantle fell onto the the author of "The Seven Sisters," who's goin to hav a Spring overcoat made out of it.

We got under way at larst, an' proceeded on our jerney at about the rate of speed which is ginrally obsarved by properly-conducted funeral processions. A hanksum yung gal, with a red musketer bar on the back part of her hed, and a sassy little black hat tipt over her forrerd, sot in the seat with me. She wore a little Sesesh flag pin'd onto her hat, and she was a goin for to see her troo love, who had jined the Southern army, all so bold and gay. So she told me. She was chilly and I offerd her my blanket.

"Father livin?" I axed.

"Yes sir."

"Got any Uncles?"

"A heap. Uncle THOMAS is ded, tho."

"Peace to Uncle THOMAS's ashes, and success to him! I will be your Uncle THOMAS! Lean on me, my pretty Secesher, and linger in Blissful repose!" She slept as secoorly as in her own housen, and didn't disturb the sollum stillness of the night with 'ary snore.

At the first station a troop of Sojers entered the cars and inquired if "Old Wax Works" was on bored. That was the disrespectiv stile in which they referred to me. "Becawz if Old Wax Works is on bored," sez a man with a face like a double-brested lobster, "we're going to hang Old Wax Works!"

"My illustrious and patriotic Bummers!" sez I, a gittin up and takin orf my Shappoo, "if you allude to A. WARD, it's my pleasin dooty to inform you that he's ded. He saw the errer of his ways at 15 minits parst 2 yesterday, and stabbed hisself with a stuffed sledstake, dyin in five beautiful tabloos to slow moosic! His larst words was: 'My perfeshernal career is over! I jerk no more!'"

"And who be you?"

"I'm a stoodent in Senater BENJAMIN'S law offiss. I'm goin up North to steal sum spoons and things for the Suthern Army."

This was satisfactry and the intossicated troopers went orf. At the next station the pretty little Secesher awoke and sed she must git out there. I bid her a kind adoo and giv her sum pervisions. "Accept my blessin and this hunk of gingerbred!" I sed. She thankt me muchly and tript galy away. There's considerable human nater in a man, and I'm fraid I shall allers giv aid and comfort to the enemy if he cums to me in the shape of a nice young gal.

At the next station I didn't get orf so easy. I was dragged out of the cars and rolled in the mud for several minits for the purpuss of "takin the conseet out of me," as a Secesher kindly stated.

I was let up finally, when a powerful large Secesher came up and embraced me, and to show that he had no hard feelins agin me, put his nose into my mouth. I returned the compliment by placing my stummick suddenly agin his right foot, when he kindly made a spittoon of his able-bodied face. Actooated by a desire to see whether the Secesher had bin vaxinated I then fastened my teeth onto his left coat-sleeve and tore it to the shoulder. We then vilently bunted our heads together for a few minits, danced around a little, and sot down in a mud puddle. We riz to our feet agin & by a sudden & adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesher's fist. We then rushed into each other's arms and fell under a two-hoss wagon. I was very much exhaustid and didn't care about gettin up agin, but the man said he reckoned I'd better, and I conclooded I would. He pulled me up but I hadn't bin on my feet more'n two seconds afore the ground flew up and hit me in the hed. The crowd sed it was high old sport, but I couldn't zakly see where the lafture come in. I riz and we embraced agin. We careered madly to a steep bank, when I got the upper hands of my antaggernist and threw him into the raveen. He fell about forty feet, striking a grindstone pretty hard. I understood he was injured. I haven't heard from the grindstone.

A man in a cockt hat cum up and sed he felt as tho a apology was doo me. There was a mistake. The crowd had taken me for another man! I told him not to mention it, axed him if his wife and little ones was so's to be about, and got on bored the train, which had stopped at that station "20 minits for refreshments." I got all I wantid. It was the hartiest meal I ever et.

I was rid on a rale the next day, a bunch of blazin fire crackers bein tied to my coat tales. It was a fine spectycal in a dramatic pint of view, but I didn't enjoy it. I had other adventers of a startlin kind, but why continner? Why lasserate the Public Boozum with these here things? Suffysit to say I got across Mason & Dixie's line safe at last. I made tracks for my humsted, but she with whom I'm harnist for life failed to recognize, in the emashiated bein who stood before her, the gushin youth of forty-six summers who had left her only a few months afore. But I went into the pantry, and brought out a certin black bottle. Raisin it to my lips, I sed "Here's to you, old gal!" I did it so natral

that she knowed me at once. "Those form! Them voice! That natral stile of doin things! 'Tis he!" she cried, and rushed into my arms. It was too much for her & she fell into a swoon. I cum very near swounding myself.

No more to-day from yours for the Perpetration of the Union, and the bringin of the Goddess of Liberty out of her present bad fix,

ARTEMUS WARD.

THE NIGHT-SHRIEK.

A Military Drama.

SCENE:—*A Camp at Washington.* JOHN *and* JAMES, *Privates in the 4,789th Regiment of Volunteers, discovered eating their nightly rations with evident disgust.*

JAMES.—Good JOHN, I prithee, didst thou hear that noise?
A strange, unusual sound hath thrice alarmed
The porches of mine ears.

JOHN.—I hear no noise:
Perchance 'twas yonder guard, whose footfall wakes
The echoes of the night.

JAMES.—Indeed 'twas not.
It was, I say, a strange unusual sound. . .
Hark! there it is again!

JOHN.—Ah, yes, methought
I heard a sort of creaking, doleful cry!

JAMES.—'Tis so. As I have oft in boyhood heard
. . . When I did dwell upon my father's farm. . .
Some worn-out gate upon its rusty hinge
Too sudden turned, emit a dreary shriek,
Such was the noise that frights me now.

JOHN.—And I
Have sometimes noticed, when the cannon's wheels
Ran dry of oil, or in the rain had stood
Too long a time, each revolution made,
Produced precisely such a piercing squeak.

BOTH.—Indeed, 'tis passing strange . . . what can it be?

JAMES.—Aha! I have discovered something odd!
When I swallow, thus (*swallowing*), I hear this noise!

JOHN (*swallows*).—I heard it not.

JAMES.—Nor I, when empty-mouthed.

JOHN.—Here let me take a bit of meat . . . if meat
This watched, greasy pabulum be named (*swallows bacon.*)
I heard it then, and now I see it all!

JAMES.—I prithee, comrade, hasten me to know.

JOHN.—As you have heard the outcry of a hinge,
And I the ungreased wheel's sad wail have heard,
May we not thence draw logic? Now, good JAMES.
What was the cause of noise in either case?

JAMES.—Why, rust, as I suppose.

JOHN.—'Tis ever so.
And as this bacon struggles down our throats,
Being as Rusty as an unused wheel
Or ancient hinge, like them it makes a squeal!

CURTAIN.

Make a Minute of This.

The Boston papers contain the advertisements of the firm of DAY, WEEKS & MINTZ. They are in the clock trade, and probably keep their hands busy running round for customers.

The last Infirmary of Noble Minds.

The New York *Ledger*.

Tears that will not fall in Vain.

Any of the Northern Volunteers.

THE RECRUITS' CATECHISM.

With Appropriate Answers Appended.

Q.—How would you form your men, to meet the enemy?
A.—On the square.
Q.—What in your opinion, is the most useful movement in the Zouave tactics?
A.—Running.
Q.—What Time would you choose for marching through a hostile country?
A.—Time of Peace.
Q.—How would you get supplies and stores in a hostile country?
A.—Steal 'em.
Q.—What would you use for Breaking the ranks of the Enemy?
A.—Mortars.
Q.—How would you Measure firearms?
A.—By the Barrel.
Q.—At the close of an engagement, if the Enemy asked you to Treat, what would you do?
A.—Make him Stand the Shot.
Q.—What troops should follow cavalry on a retreat?
A.—The Enemy.
Q.—If the drums beat to arms and your men refused to leave their quarters, what would you think of their intent?
A.—I should think those In-Tents were mutinous.
Q.—What would you do if the Enemy surrounded you in overwhelming force, and all retreat was cut off?
A.—Fight like the d—l!

"The Republic of Fools: being the History of the State and People of Abdera in Thrace, translated from the German of M. Von WIELAND, by Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M. A., has just been published in London by Messrs. W. H. ALLEN & Co."

The subject is an amusing one, and now the merry CHRISTMAS has got his hand in, why can't he turn from Abdera to America, and give us another "Republic of Fools?" He would of course call it the "Southern Republic," but that expresses the same idea. What the South lacks in Republic it more than makes up in fools. Big chance for CHRISTMAS's festive quill, down South.

A Good End for a Bad Book.

The best thing in BEVERLY TUCKER's "Partisan Leader," (of course the intelligent readers of V. F. have heard of, and possibly read, this notorious volume,) is the conclusion, which leaves the P. L. in the hands of the U. S.—in prison on the charge of high treason! If the belligerent BEVERLY, the turbulent TUCKER, could imagine no better destiny than hanging for his hero, wouldn't it be well for the chivalrous gentlemen of Virginia to pause before it is too late? It is an ominous end—even in a novel.

Proh Pudor.

The Pew door through which JEFFERSON DAVIS will pass before Mr. DAVIS can take possession of that pew in Washington, upon which, before leaving the city she so ostentatiously placed her name.

"Laughs best who Laughs Last"

The Southern journals say, "President LINCOLN's threats are received with a Laugh of Derision." Good! But when Our turn comes to laugh, we will treat the Rebels to a Minie-ha!-ha!

Turning the Tables.

If the Southern Rebels continue to excite the ire of our Volunteers by calling them Mercenaries, they need not be surprised to find Nary Mercy shown them by our indignant soldiers when they meet.

Anatomy for the Times.

ARMS for those who will fight for the Union, LEGS for those who won't.

Motto for young John Brown's Regiment.

"Nigger in de-fence."

The New Southern Loan.

Let Alone.

NOT USED TO IT.

Home Guard.—WELL—'SWONDERFUL HOWERDRILL WEARSOUT A M'RAN'S LEGS—FEARF'LLY F'TIGUING.

ARTEMUS WARD

AMONG THE FREE LOVERS.*

Some years ago I pitcht my tent and o nfurled my banner to the breeze, in Berlin Hites, Ohio. I had hearn that Berlin Hites was ockepied by a extensiv seck called Free Lovers, who bleeved in affinertys and sich, goin back on their domestic ties without no hesitation whatsomever. They was likewise spirit rappers and high presher reformers on gineral principles. If I can improve these 'ere misgided peple by showin them my onparalleld show at the usual low price of admitants, methunk, I shall not hav lived in vane! But bitterly did I cuss the day I ever sot foot in the retchid place. I sot up my tent in a field near the Love Cure, as they called it, and bimeby the free lovers begun for to congregate around the door. A ornreer set I hav never sawn. The men's faces was all covered with hare and they lookt half-starved to deth. They didn't wear no weskuts for the purpuss (as they sed) of allowin the free air of hevun to blow onto their boozums. Their pockets was filled with tracks and pamplits and they was bare-footed. They sed the Postles didn't wear boots, & why should they? That was their stile of argyment. The wimin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers.

Presently a perfeckly orful lookin female presented herself at the door. Her gownd was skanderlusly short and her trowsis was shameful to behold.

She eyed me over very sharp, and then startin back she sed, in a wild voice:

"Ah, can it be?"

"Which?" sed I.

"Yes, 'tis troo, O 'tis troo!"

"15 cents, marm," I anserd.

She bust out a cryin & sed:

"And so I have found you at larst—at larst, O at larst!"

"Yes," I anserd, "you have found me at larst and you would have found me at fust, if you had cum sooner."

She grabd me vilently by the coat collar, and brandishin her umbreller wildly round, exclamed:

"Air you a man?"

Sez I, "I think I air, but if you doubt it, you can address Mrs. A. WARD, Baldinsville, Injianny, postage pade, & she will probly giv you the desired informashun."

"Then thou ist what the cold world calls marrid?"

"Madam, I istest!"

The exsentric female then clutched me franticly by the arm and hollerd:

"You air mine, O you air mine!"

"Scacely," I sed, endeverin to git loose from her. But she clung to me and sed:

"You air my Affinerty!"

"What upon arth is that?" I shouted

"Dost thou not know?"

"No, I dostent!"

"Listin man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female; "for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the world, sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He *has* cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O 'tis two mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I ansered, "I think it is a darn site too mutch!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin her hands like a female play acter.

"Not a yearn!" I bellerd at the top of my voice, throwin her away from me.

The free lovers who was standin round obsarvin the scene commenst for to holler "shame!" "beast," etsettery, etsettery.

I was very mutch riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent stake, I addrest them as follers: "You pussylanermuss critters, go way from me and take this retchid woman with you. I'm a law abidin man, and bleeve in good, old-fashioned institootions. I am marrid & my orfsprings resemble me, if I am a showman! I think your Affinity bizniss is cussed noncents, besides bein outrajusly wickid. Why don't you behave desunt like other folks? Go to work and earn a honist livin and not stay round here in this lazy, shiftliss way, pizenin the moral atmosphere with your pestifrous idees! You wimin folks go back to your lawful husbands if you've got any, and take orf them skanderlus gownds and trowsis, and dress respectful like other wimin. You men folks, cut orf them pirattercal whiskers, burn up them infurnel pamplits, put sum weskuts on, go to work choppin wood, splittin fence rales, or tillin the sile. I pored 4th my indignashun in this way till I got out of breth, when I stopt. I shant go to Berlin Hites agin, not if I live to be as old as Methooseler.

*Some queer people, calling themselves "Free Lovers," and possessing very original ideas about life and morality, established themselves at Berlin Heights, in Ohio, a few years since. Public opinion was resistlessly against them, however, and the association was soon disbanded.

The Spoils of War.

There are two kinds of Spoils, it seems, in connection with war; or, at least, a Spoil and a Spoiler, as we learn from the following, clipped from the *Tribune*. Fort Schuyler is the locality to which the Spoiler came:

"The men express themselves as entirely satisfied with the provision made for them, notwithstanding their contractor on Saturday supplied them with spoiled meat."

It was the Advance Guard which fared thus sumptuously, one fine Saturday, at the bidding of a contractor. They must be very good natured men, must the members of the Advance Guard: at least judging from our own feelings on the subject, we think they take matters rather easy. If we were an Advance Guard, and a contractor offered to supply us with "spoiled meat," for instance, our impulse would be to place the purveyor in an immediate position for sharing the objectionable adjective by which his provender was characterised.

Color Blindness.

The Secessionists persist in calling our Volunteers Green troops. This is probably owing to the fact of their feeling intensely Blue themselves, and looking upon the Patriot forces from a Jaundiced point of view at the same time. Yellow and Blue naturally produce Green. We predict, moreover, that if they continue in rebellion, everything at Home will shortly look decidedly Black to these victims of Color (and other) Blindness.

A Distinction with a difference.

The Rebels say "their privateers will shortly swarm the seas." And thereupon our war-vessels will immediately proceed to seize the swarm.

Cheerful little distinction for the use of the Rebels!

Military Fish Vender.—Attention—Make Ready—Present—Fire—Fi–Fish, I mean, Marm. ("*The military fever pervades all classes of our citizens.*")—Exchange.

Be Original, or Die!

It is said that a military organization of slaves is being formed in South Carolina, and that the servants are as anxious as possible to emulate the example of their masters. As the avowed champion of originality, Vanity Fair feels called upon to denounce this movement as nothing but a piece of Servile Imitation!

Sentiment by a Zoo-zoo.

"My dear Jeff. Davis, it is useless for you to curry favor with the crowned heads abroad. Your most intimate relations will not be with Europe, but with Our rope!"

Not All Dead Yet.

Jeff. Davis has had the credit of being rather smart, but he is evidently unable to comprehend the strength of the Federal Government, or he would know enough to Come In when It Reigns!

The Fire Brigade.

If the governmental lights of the Montgomery Fizzle want to keep things whole, let them beware of our Firemen soldiers... they are the very deuce and all on Brakes!

An Unfortunate Metaphor.

They begin already to talk about the "Ship of State," down South. We suppose they feel All Afloat.

A Motto for the Privateer's Flag.

"Watch and Prey."

THE TURF.

If the managers of horse-races are unhappy, then virtue is not its own reward.

In which case our social system is rather a failure.

We like the professional turfman because he is such a nice man. His mission is to elevate the sports of the turf, and to improve and develope the horse. The idea of a gag race for gate-money never enters his high-toned mind, and as for allowing the slowest horse to beat the fastest one, or giving the sanction of his honorable name to any quiet little game of that sort, he would die first. And become a moist, unpleasant body.

Furthermore, we don't believe he would rob little school children of their primer-books.

The professional turfman chiefly desires to improve that noble animal the horse. A similarly lofty ambition swells the manly bosom of the faro-bank gentleman, who is deeply interested in the improvement of ivory. Circular-shaped pieces of ivory, as the scientific reader should know, are susceptible of a high degree of polish by constant manipulation upon green baize. What could be finer?

We thus invite the careful attention of our readers to the fact that the professional turfman cares nothing about money—merely adding that we are afraid he don't!

We will not continue. Far be it from us to smash the race courses, by our withering sarcasm, in these hard times, thus turning the grooms and other reputable attaches (in no way responsible for the misdeeds of the animated humbugs who hire them,) out of employment, with families on their hands. Only isn't it a shame that Flora Temple should be made a party to this mean humbug—the flying bay beauty, heroine of so many splendid victories, Queen of the Trotting Course?

Boarders, Ahoy!

Editors Vanity Fair:—Our patriotic landlady will allow the boarders of such of her boarders as desire to volunteer in the service of their country to Run Right On during their absence. W.

Lafayette Place, Saturday Morning.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

Blanche; or the Legend of the Angel Tower. By Sarah Warner Brooks. New-York: Rudd & Carleton.

A White Subject, and refreshing therefore to Vanity Fair in these dark days, when black subjects form so strong a feature in the South. Not La Dame Blanche though, but another one, fairer, daintier and more modern, and what especially delights the bachelor heart of V. F., more loveable.

A New Monetary System; the only means of securing the respective rights of Labor and Property, and of protecting the public from financial revulsions. By Edward Kellogg. Edited by Mary Kellogg Putnam. New-York: Rudd & Carleton.

The great value of this work is the principle endeavored to be elucidated which will no doubt interest the general reader, as well as those who are short. "The nature and properties of Money" are too well known to the community at present, to require any special notice here; likewise the "necessity of credit," a subject in which V. F. is not specially interested, its abundant capital enabling it to meet all demands with the ready cash, the possession of which also gives to it its proud claim among the Comic papers, as being in this respect entirely original and no imitators.

The Soldier's Guide. A Complete Manual and Drill Book, for the use of all Volunteers, &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

A capital book for those who may have a quarter to give away for information. A good thing for a volunteer to have to study when he gets into his quarters at Camp, and one that will enable him without reflection, upon an emergency, to decide when he has his enemy in his power, whether he shall give him any quarter at all.

Lady Book for the United States Soldiers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Another one of the same sort, but more remarkable from the fact that, although a very small sized book, it is the largest one ever received by V. F. from the publishers.

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!

Bloody Designs on Cambridge! Unionists Overawed!! Promptitude of Governer Andrew, in Regard to the State Arsenal!!!

DEAR V. F.—On receipt of this hurried scrawl, please send to Cambridge one hundred thousand men, well armed and equipped for we are in great danger. *Dreadful* news has arrived! The Governor has positive information that an army of Southern conspirators are preparing to act in concert with Jeff Davis (who is said to be within five minutes walk of Cambridge.) They are to attack and blow up the arsenal; fire the town (having previously impaled upon bayonets all the inhabitants, and stuck them up opposite to their own doors, to roast cheerfully); and, after their bloody work is completed, Davis and his hordes are to sit down in University Hall, to a banquet of roasted citizens, with fiendish glee and appetites, washing down their horrid meal with copious draughts of blood from convenient skulls!

Such, O Vanity! is the horrible and circumstantial account which must have burst upon the astounded Governor on Saturday last. Of course, it was at once communicated to me, and my aid invoked. Thanks to the effects of an early education and the benign influence of Vanity Fair, I am that noblest thing of earth,—a patriot! Wherever my country wants a man to stand in the breach, or a sentry to walk upon a post—in the words of John Bunyan, I say, "Here am I! send me!" So, I am endeavoring to defeat the machinations of the rebel host.

Therefore, O. V. F.! If you have any pity, help us! If you have any regard for mercy, help us! If you do not want your Special War Correspondent roasted before the door of his own sanctum, help us! By your immense Power; by your illimitable Generosity; by your boundless Wealth, and your unflinching Patriotism!—send us the hundred thousand men at once. I know if the secessionists in Cambridge do not rob the mails, and this letter reaches you, that we are safe. Haste then, lest the tide overwhelm us, and the name and fame of your S. W. C., be a thing of the past!

Secession is strong here. There are many Union men, but they are overawed. The Arsenal, however, where the rebels were to strike their first blow, is guarded. For this act of reinforcing Cambridge, we are indebted to the promptness of Governor Andrew, who, as soon as the plot was made known to him, sent a body of eighty professors, and students, and a big black dog, to take possession of the Arsenal, and hold it at all hazards. Some difficulty arose at first, owing to the dog, who not being confined to the rank as were the rest of the guard, took possession of the Arsenal himself, and, for a long time, absolutely refused to allow the rest to enter. His fidelity and patriotism were finally overcome by the offer of a shoulder of mutton, and the guard took safe and unmolested possession. One of the soldiers with whom I conversed, told me that the garrison of U. S. troops, consisting of an old man and a small boy, shed tears of joy on seeing them enter.

Harassed with doubts as to the continued safety of the arsenal, I walked up there last night, and saw the sentries marching upon their respective posts with muskets and fixed bayonets. And not only fixed bayonets, but umbrellas fixed upon the tops of their bayonets, as it was raining. "And my soul was lifted up even as though I had refreshed myself with whiskey!—and I cried aloud; 'Great is Andrew of the Bostonians!'"

And from beneath his umbrella, the sentinel cried, "All's well!"

But, notwithstanding his assertion, send us the hundred thousand men! Our danger is great.

Two hours Later. Heavy firing heard in the direction of the arsenal! No doubt the attack has commenced! All is wild excitement. People are rushing to the scene! Alas! Alas!

Ten Minutes Later. All right again! The firing was discovered to be caused by two small and patriotic boys, whose excitement had impressed them with the vivid, but erroneous idea, that it was Fourth of July, and they were shooting off Fire-Crackers. The promptitude of the guard in turning out at the first alarm, is deserving of the highest praise.

10 A. M. Two hours later. One of Gov. Andrew's Aids has just seen the advanced guard of the rebels in Divinity Grove. They have a large number of cavalry, and huge four-wheeled carriages painted red, supposed to contain munitions of war.

One minute later. The supposed appearance of the rebels was a mistake. They turned out to be a company of circus-men, with their horses and vans. They are now encamped in Cambridgeport.

Secession flags are flying everywhere. The Governor is very anxious to know what you think ought to be done. He appears to favor blowing up the arsenal, the College Buildings, the State House, City Hall and Post-Office, setting fire to the town, and retreating on board the Sarah Jane schooner, which lies in Charles River unloading coal.

But duty calls. I must mount guard over the oyster saloons. You shall hear from me again, if I am left alive amid these horrors. If not, I leave you my favorite Jews-harp, and so—Farewell!

Yours in Tribulation,

J. Aldebaran Smith,
Sp. War Corresp. Vanity Fair.

"Sic Itur Ad - - - - - ?"

The Montgomery *Advertiser* says that "Young Todd" (brother-in-law of President Lincoln) "has received a lieutenancy in the C. S. Army. He cherishes a deadly hatred against the Illinois renegade, and is a high-spirited, promising young man."

Well, we should think he was! You are, assuredly, a High-Spirited youth, Todd, to cherish such a cheerfully fraternal feeling toward your Sister's husband! You are, undoubtedly, also a promising young man, Todd, to be thus at your tender age leagued with traitors against your country, governed by the same sister's husband! We congratulate you, Toddy, on this brilliant foreshadowing of your probable career! Toddle on, juvenescent leader of Rebels, and cultivator of deadly hatreds against your Kinsman and Ruler! You will earn a lofty position (by the side of Jeff Davis himself, perhaps; who knows?) in a brief space of time, doubtless! At all events, you have our cordial good-wishes for the speedy attainment of such an end, Todd!

Le Petit Homme Gris(ley.)

What made our literary friend,
So furiously assail his betters?—
Because he failed, I apprehend,
To reach the highest Post in Letters.

A Tangled Webb.

Why grows the brow of Webb,
Beclouded, dark, and murky?—
He asked for British beef,
And Lincoln offered Turkey.

A Short Sermon on the "Times."

Beloved Friends! seek out a better "World,"
The "Times," my Friends, are sadly out of joint,
How could the rash administration go,
And Solferino's hero disappoint!

The Star Spangled Hat.

A New-York House advertises the Star Spangled Hat. Here is a capital idea for the Commandant of the Philadelphia Home Guard and his newly devised hat, which does not seem to meet with the Quaker approbation. How would it be with the following title—"The Star-Spangled-Bon-ton-Pleason-ton-Hat-Oh-long-may-it-wave."

Signs of the Times.

Ensigns.

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

"They buried the American Flag at Memphis, so[illegible] days ago. Our correspondent writes us that on going to visit the grave the next day he found a hundred little Flags, like a c[illegible]p of corn, fluttering in the wind where the old Flag lay. It HAD SPROUTED! From this, he concludes that it is useless to bur[illegible] the Flag. It won't stay buried. It is the Flag of Freedom—and Freedom can't die. It is the Flag of WASHINGTON, and [illegible]TNAM, and GREEN, and DECATUR, and JONES, and LAWRENCE, and JACKSON, and HARRISON, and TAYLOR, and ANDERSON—and y[illegible] can no more bury it, than you can bury *them!* Their bodies, indeed, you may lay in the ground, but the spirit that stirred [illegible]em will never die. A thousand patriots will rise up in the place of each departed hero, and the land will bristle with the b[illegible]yonets of its brave defenders."—*Cincinnati paper.*

SIGNS OF THE WAR-WEATHER.

All business in the rebel Congress is transacted [illegible] the assistance of mint juleps and other succulent drinks. Thus, when pigs are seen flourishing around with Straws in their [illegible]ouths, stormy weather may be expected.

Swallows have a great deal to do with weather. Thus, when CRAWFORD of Ga. and MORTON of Fla. are seen [illegible]izzling with HALE of Ala. and PERKINS of La., a good deal of wind may be looked for from the South.

Dew has generally been looked upon as an indication of fine weather, and so has fog. But such prognostics are quite at fault when applied to the Southern political horizon. For instance, whiskey at the South is sometimes called corn-dew, and they have a tobacco called honey-dew, and there's no end of fog there in general; and yet things don't look cheerful at Montgomery, Ala., or, as it might more appropriately be written now, Montgomery, Alas!

It has been stated by those conversant with meteorology, that fog is never formed while wind is blowing: but this dogma will not hold with regard to the Southern atmosphere. For while there has been nothing but Blowing there for several years past, the Fog seems to be growing thicker and thicker.

There is one weather prognostic, however, which will very probably be illustrated by the South, when the sentiment of storm from the North vibrates in the air. We refer to the one that tells us that animals seek sheltered places when such disturbances may be expected.

All these Prognostics we present freely to the South, where Prog[illegible] of any kind is stated to be accepted with gratitude, just now.

The Source of Champagne.

[illegible]ple Source.

Colonel Ellsworth.

It fell upon us like a crushing woe,
Sudden and terrible. "Can it be?" we said,
"That he from whom we hoped so much, is dead,
Most foully murdered, ere he met the foe?"
Why not? The men that would disrupt the State
By such base plots as theirs—frauds, thefts, and lies—
What code of honour do they recognize?
They thirst for blood to satisfy their hate,
Our blood: so be it; but for every blow
Woe shall befall them; not in their wild way,
But stern and pitiless, we will repay,
Until, like swollen streams, *their* blood shall flow:
And should we pause, the thought of ELLSWORTH slain,
Will steel our aching hearts to strike again!

May 24th, 1861.

R. H. STODDARD.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN PETER FUNK SHOP.